

NO MORE CHILDREN

A TRAGIC TALE OF A YOUNG
WIFE WHO LOVED NOT
WISELY BUT
TOO WELL -



NO MORE CHILDREN



CAN THE GREATEST
OF HUMAN EMOTIONS
THE MATERNAL
INSTINCT
BE REGULATED
BY LAW?

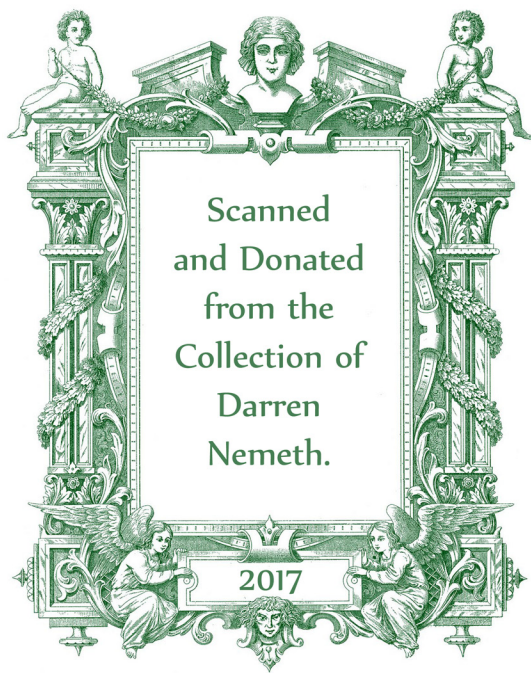
In All The World No Picture Like This.

WELFORD BEATON IN THE FILM SPECTATOR

Young Director Demonstrates That In Pictures There
Are A Few Who Think

When one is making a motion picture, he might as well make it about something. That is the way Albert Kelley reasons. He wanted to make a picture on his own, and in his quest for a subject he ran across an item in the paper to the effect that a Cleveland judge, in denying a young couple a divorce, issued an order restraining them from having any more children for the next five years. Kelley made a picture out of it and he called it "NO MORE CHILDREN." As far as I know, it is the first time birth control has been used as a screen subject. The thing about being born that distinguishes it chiefly from other experiences that one encounters in life, is that it can happen to an individual but once. This, however, is enough to make it universal. But even so, it is considered to be an indelicate subject to discuss in the presence of the children. This is not so because there is anything inherently indelicate in the subject itself, but is based on the unconscious determination of civilized races to respect a moral code even though it be composed of purely arbitrary rules. Personally I would prefer to discuss being born to someone else being operated on, but the code reads the other way and I am content. Formerly our respectability was symbolized by the care that women took to cover their bodies. Now it must be exercised in some other way as our women rapidly are approaching a state of nakedness, their ears being about the only things that remain modest and secluded. We must rally around something to stem the advance of frankness and child-birth will do as well as anything else. Mr. Kelley is a young man who has neither wife nor children; consequently he approaches this subject with much daring and discusses it with a candor that is refreshing. Even though I recently have been elevated to the dignity of grandfather, I learned a great deal from Mr. Kelley's picture. True, the things I learned are of no use to any grand-

father, but that is not Mr. Kelley's fault. However, The Spectator does not concern itself with physical, moral or ethical subjects, except as it finds them treated on the screen. NO MORE CHILDREN proves that Albert Kelley is a young man who thinks. He wrote the story and directed it. And his direction gives evidence here and there of an ability that some day should bring the young man to the front. There are two shots which disclose that he has some original ideas regarding the uses of the camera. The young wife in the picture dies. We see the husband enter the bare living-room, which he leaves to enter the room in which his wife's body is lying. For eighteen feet Kelley keeps his camera on the vacant room. It is a scene that impresses one with its delicacy. We grant that the young husband has a right to be in the bed-room alone with his grief, and we do not follow him. We await his return to the living-room, and stand still while we are waiting. All of this is brought out in Kelley's treatment of the sequence. Previously we have seen the death scene itself. The girl's mother is standing by the bed as the last words are exchanged. By an arrangement of the lights, at the moment of death, the bed and the body on it become indistinct, while the upper part of the shot showing the grieved mother, remains in focus and fully lighted. Young men who think of things like these are the ones who will have a great deal to do with the advancement of screen art. NO MORE CHILDREN is a picture that should go well where really intelligent pictures are received intelligently.



A Brief Synopsis

- of -

**NO
MORE
CHILDREN**



A Brief Synopsis

of

THE

MORE

CHILDREN

50

FOREWORD



THIS IS a simple story of human beings, who live just around the corner from you. It was inspired by a recent court decision in the Middle West, the account of which appeared in the newspapers throughout the country. The sentence imposed by that judge was the subject of nation wide interest, for, by order of the court, a young married couple were ordered to practice birth control for a period of three years.

Did that judge have any right to impose birth control upon the married couple who appeared before him? Did he have the right to interfere with the natural instincts and impulses of Life? And if he did have that right, did he also possess the authority to instruct that man and his wife in the proper practice of birth control so that it would be possible for them to obey his order? Surely he did not expect that young married couple to suppress the most vital impulses of the race.

The characters of our story are fictitious, yet, in Life they might be members of your family. Our story deals with a vital subject. Read it, and see the photoplay, "NO MORE CHILDREN."



CHAPTER ONE

FOR MORE than four years Jimmy Grail had been trying desperately to get ahead in the world—to make enough money so that he could give his little family the necessary comforts of life. But each year a child had been born; another hungry little mouth to feed; another body to clothe and shelter. And yet Jimmy loved his children dearly. It was that very love which made him so keenly conscious tonight of his failure to provide for them properly. It was now nearly three months since he had been laid off his job as checker for the shipping company down at the docks. There was no telling when he would be called back to work. Odd jobs were scarce. And tonight was Christmas Eve.

A scrubby little Christmas tree stood on a box in one corner of the shabbily furnished little room that served as both living and dining room. A few bits of tinsel thread were draped about the scrawny, stunted boughs of the little fir tree. That was Jimmy's pitiful gesture to give a touch of Yuletide to the drab home. Even so, the spirit of Christmas was in the air. There was food on the table, bread and milk for the babies. And his young wife seemed happy.

"We are sure lucky that you were able to borrow that money today, Jimmy," she said, smiling at him from across the table where she was feeding their youngest child its bread and milk with a spoon. "It was a godsend. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, from one of the boys," he replied vaguely and his eyes did not meet her's squarely. He wished that she hadn't asked that question. He didn't like to lie to Mary. But he could not bear the thought of her and the babies going hungry Christmas Eve. He hoped and prayed she would never know just how he had obtained the few dollars that must feed them for the next few days.

Four year old Junior had slipped from the table to admire the tinsel and the two cheap ornaments on the tree. He reached up to touch one of the glistening things. The tree was none too securely put up, and, as the child brushed against it, it tipped over and fell to the floor. Junior began to cry. Jimmy went to him and took him in his arms.

"That's all right, Junior, Daddy'll put it up again."

Jimmy picked up the fallen tree and propped it up more securely. He was still tinkering with it when heavy footsteps sounded in the hallway and someone knocked at the door. There was something about those steady footsteps and that authoritative knock that stirred a strange uneasiness within Jimmy. He went to the door and opened it. A big, broad-shouldered man stood in the hallway.

"Are you James Grail?" the stranger inquired.

"Yes," replied Jimmy, his face gone slightly pale. He knew intuitively that this man was an officer.

The stranger drew a paper from his pocket and held it toward Jimmy.

"Can you explain this?"

Jimmy glanced furtively over his shoulder at his wife who sat at the table with the children. Her back was toward the door. He slipped quickly into the hall and closed the door behind him.

"Can you explain this?" the officer repeated.

"Well— you see— you see. . ."

"Is this your signature on the back of this check?" demanded the plain clothesman.

"Y-Yes, sir."

"And you also signed this other name to the check. A name that's not yours," went on the officer.

Jimmy looked up into the plain clothesman's severe face. If he could only make him understand.

"Yes, I did it," he confessed. "But can't you see—I'm not a crook—I've been out of work—my wife and babies hungry . . ."

"Forgery's a pretty serious offense, young fellow. You'd better get your hat and coat."

Jimmy's heart sank within him. For a moment he hesitated, looking in mute agony up into the big man's emotionless face. Then he turned toward the door. He paused and turned back toward the officer.

"My wife and kids are in there," he said hoarsely. "I don't want them to know—for God's sake don't tell my wife what I've done. I'll go with you quietly."

The officer nodded understandingly. "Yes, I know it's pretty tough on Christmas Eve. I don't like to do it. I've got a couple of kids of my own waiting for me to come home."

Jimmy opened the door and went into the room followed by the plain clothesman. Mary looked up in surprise at the stranger.

"This is Mr.— Mr.—"

"Flannery," supplied the officer.

"Mr. Flannery thinks he's found a job for me, Mary," lied Jimmy. "I knew him when I worked down at the docks. I've got to go with him and see about it now. I'll be right back."

Jimmy went into the bedroom for his coat and hat.

"Won't you have a bite with us," invited Mary with a smile. "We haven't very much, but you're welcome."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I just had my supper."

"It's awful nice of you to come after Jimmy tonight and get him a job," she told him gratefully. "The poor boy hasn't worked for so long. He was able to borrow a little money today, otherwise we wouldn't have had any Christmas."

Flannery shifted about uneasily. Three year old Betty slipped down from her chair at the table and went to the



stranger. A smile softened his face and he picked her up in his arms.

"Santy C'aus is comin' tonight," she confided. And then pointing toward four little stockings hanging near the tree, her eyes shone with anticipation. "See— there's our stockin's Santy's goin' to put goodies into 'em."

A strange expression swept over Flannery's broad face. A mist came into his eyes and he held the child closer.

"I'm ready, Mr. Flannery," announced Jimmy with a forced smile as he came into the room with his coat and hat on. But despite the smile, he was trembling and his face was pale. He kissed Mary and followed Flannery hastily toward the door where he paused to look back at his wife. "I'll be back soon as I can. Don't wait up for me, Mary."

The two men left the room. In the hallway Flannery paused thoughtfully for a moment before he looked up at Jimmy. His voice was strangely husky when he spoke.

"Been out of work long, Grail?"

"Almost three months now. I've looked everywhere, but times are pretty hard."

For a moment there was silence while Flannery studied Jimmy's pale young face.

"Have you ever done anything crooked before, Grail?"

"This is the first thing I've ever done, Flannery, and by God it's my last."

"You've got a fine wife and four sweet kids, Grail, I'm not going to take you away from them tonight."

Jimmy stared at him in mute unbelief.

"You mean—you mean you're not going to arrest me?"

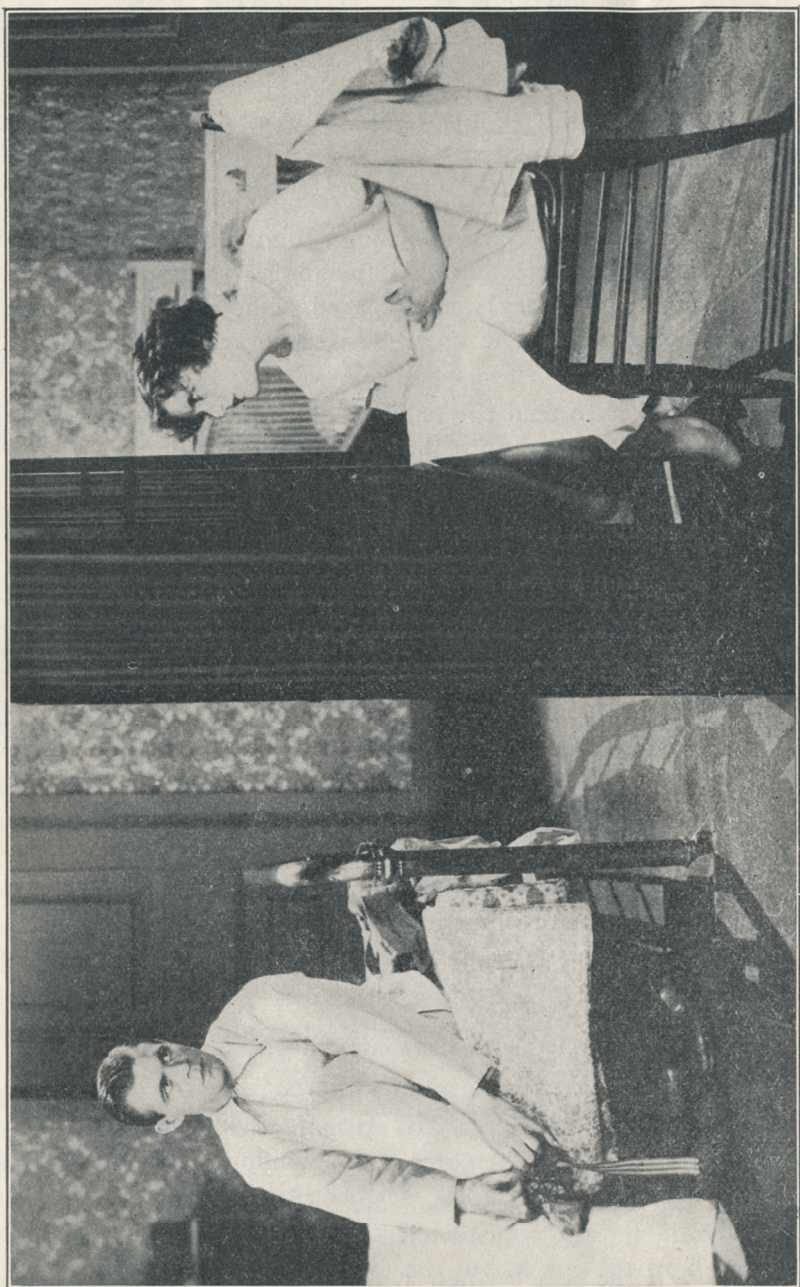
Flannery shook his head. "I'll tell 'em I couldn't find you. But I'll be back for you after Christmas. Don't try to beat it. Understand?"

For a moment Jimmy was too overcome by emotion to speak. He took the plain clothesman's big hand and wrung

it in silent gratitude. "You're a white man, Mr. Flannery. I'll never forget . . ."

"Maybe I'm just a plain damn fool," the big man said softly, and then his face became stern as he brushed his eye suspiciously. "Remember— don't try to run out on me."

Flannery turned upon his heel abruptly and walked rapidly away down the hall. For several moments Jimmy stood looking after him. Then he turned back to join Mary and the babies.



CHAPTER TWO

It was the day after Christmas when Flannery came back after Jimmy Grail. That morning Jimmy had told Mary about the forged check and his impending arrest, so that when the officer came, Mary was prepared. She was braver than Jimmy anticipated. She knew he was no criminal. She had faith in him.

"He did it to feed the babies," she told Flannery. "They won't put him in prison for that, will they Mr. Flannery?"

"I hope not," said Flannery and meant it.

It was not very long until Jimmy's trial. He pleaded guilty to the charge of forgery and appeared for sentence in Judge Stanton's court. Mary was in the court room, a tearful frightened, pathetic little figure. From his seat upon the bench, Judge Stanton contemplated Jimmy's honest, boyish appearance. He spoke kindly to him.

"Grail, is there anything you would like to say before sentence is imposed upon you?"

"No. I guess not, Judge. I'm guilty, and I'll take my medicine."

Judge Stanton frowned thoughtfully as he studied the boy who stood before him for sentence to the penitentiary.

"You say you are only twenty-three?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're married and have a family?"

"Yes, sir. A wife and four children."

For several moments His Honor was silent. He was looking out through the court room window past the skyline of the city, lost in thought. Then he turned back to Jimmy.

"Grail, I want you to tell this court your story. I don't mean about the check, but the events leading up to it."

Jimmy smiled faintly. He looked up at the man on the bench. There was something in the kindly, patient face that encouraged the boy to speak.

"It's a long story, Judge. I'd have to go back about five years. That's when I was first going with Mary, my wife."

"All right," replied His Honor. "Suppose you start your story about the time you first knew Mary."

Jimmy shifted about uneasily. He looked around at Mary who sat in the first row of the seats beyond the railing. She gave him a pathetic little smile. He thought he saw her nod her head as though urging him to tell his story. He smiled at her and took courage as he turned once more to look up at Judge Stanton.

"Mary and I were just a couple of kids when we started going together," Jimmy began. "That was about five years ago, back in our home town. Her mother was awful strict with her, wouldn't let her stay out as late as some of the other girls did. One night I was to take Mary to a party. I promised her mother I'd bring her home by eleven o'clock. And, honest, Judge, I really meant to keep that promise. But things happened. We were late for the party and Mary suggested that we take a short-cut through an old peach orchard.

"It was a swell night. The air was nice and warm, the trees were in bloom and a big moon was shining. I remember, Mary said it was just like fairyland. Well, we got to walking kind of slow. Once or twice I stopped and kissed her. We sure liked each other a whole lot." He glanced over his shoulder to smile at the girl in the court room. "I guess we both loved each other ever since the first day we met. We were walking sort of slow not saying much and..." Jimmy hesitated. He was plainly embarrassed. His face colored and his gaze shifted from the Judge's face to the floor at his feet.

"Go on, Jimmy," said His Honor softly. "I was young once. Tell me about the walk through the peach orchard."



Jimmy smiled up at his gratefully and resumed his story. But his face was flushed and he was obviously confused.

"It would have been all right if we had only kept walking. But we didn't. We stopped and sat down under one of the trees . . . as I said, Your Honor, we were just a couple of kids. We didn't know very much about life. But that night we found out what love really means. After that we didn't want to go on to the party. We just wanted to be there alone. We didn't give a thought to how late it was getting, and then we must have fallen asleep. It was getting light when we woke up.

"Then we both were scared about what Mary's mother would do or say. I asked Mary to marry me. She promised, and I told her we had better go to her mother right away and tell her. But Missis Bates, that's Mary's mother's name, wouldn't listen to us. She kicked Mary out. That day we drove over to Greensburg and got married."

"Then we came here to the city. I got a job and everything went along pretty good. Mary and I were happy—we've always been awful happy together, Judge. Before we'd been married a year our first baby came. We've got four now. Three boys and a girl. There was doctor bills to pay and all that, but we managed to get along pretty good until three months ago when I was laid off down at the docks. Then things began to get sort of tough. I looked everywhere for work. Christmas came along and, my wife and babies were hungry . . . I was desperate and then I got the idea about the check . . . you know about the rest, Your Honor."

Judge Stanton was impressed by the boy's story. He was convinced that Jimmy had told the truth. There was a conflict of emotions betrayed upon his face as he looked pityingly down at young Grail. And then he spoke.

"Forgery is a very serious offense. You have been found guilty and it is the duty of this court to impose sentence upon you. I therefore sentence you to from two to five years in the penitentiary."

NO MORE CHILDREN

Jimmy's face went deathly white and he swayed uncertainly upon his feet. A stifled little cry arose from Mary's trembling lips.

"However," resumed the court, in view of the circumstances, I shall suspend sentence and let you go free . . . upon one condition—that you and your wife have NO MORE CHILDREN for the next five years. You have proved that you cannot properly take care of those you now have, and I shall not allow you to impose any more upon yourselves or upon society. If you do not live up to the letter of this judgment, you shall forfeit your probation and shall be sent to prison to serve your sentence. I shall arrange for you to get your old job back or a new one, so that you may get a fresh start."

Jimmy was overcome by the decision. Mary gave a happy little cry and unmindful of those in the room, or of court dignity, she rushed into her husband's arms. They both wept with happiness. Then, when he could speak, Jimmy expressed his gratitude to Judge Stanton in a voice that was choked by emotion.

Little did Jimmy Grail realize the penalty of his freedom. He was to learn very soon—that very night.

The Grails hurried home to the first supper Jimmy had eaten in his home since he had been confined in the jail some days before, awaiting trial. The neighbor from across the hall who had looked after the children in their mother's absence, congratulated Jimmy upon his freedom and left the happy young couple alone with their little family.

That night, after the babies were asleep, Jimmy and Mary prepared to retire.

"Gee!" exclaimed Jimmy. It's good to be home. To wear pajamas again and to have a comfortable bed."

Mary came from the little dressing room and stood beside the bed.

N O M O R E C H I L D R E N

"It's great to be here alone with you, again, Honey!" he told her, taking her hand and drawing her down beside him. "I've missed you every night."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. The hunger for her love which had been denied him for so many days, overwhelmed him in a great wave of passion. He pressed her warm, young body to his in fierce embrace. For a moment the love hungry girl responded to her husband's passion. Then an awful fear swept over her and she struggled to free herself from his arms.

"Oh, Jimmy, we can't—remember Judge Stanton's order—please, please, dearest!"

Slowly Jimmy released her with the realization of the full import of the court's order. NO MORE CHILDREN! The words seemed to beat inside his brain like the throbbing of a drum. NO MORE CHILDREN! . . . or . . . THE PENITENTIARY!

Was he to be denied his wife's love there in their own home? Couldn't he live a normal life? But no, that would mean more babies. There was no way to prevent that.

"Jimmy, dear," Mary touched his shoulder. There were tears in her eyes and her voice trembled. "I'm going into the other room and sleep with the children—it's the only way . . . Junior can sleep in here with you."

Her trembling lips touched his in a good-night kiss. Then with a sob, she hastened into the other room.

CHAPTER THREE

The next few weeks saw the fortunes of the Grail family change for the better. Through Judge Stanton's influence, Jimmy got his old job back as checker for the shipping company. Mrs. Bates, Mary's mother, had come to spend a few weeks in the city. It was the first sign of forgiveness that she had betrayed in more than four years. Mary seemed happy to have her mother with her again. However, Mrs. Bates did not live with them but had taken a room in the same building.

Although they occupied separate rooms, Mary had reason to become worried over the condition which overshadowed her contacts with her husband. Several times of late, Jimmy had come to her, hungry for her love, pleading with her for her caresses. But she had remained firm, resisting him gently as she could, fighting back her own flaming desire to yield to the embrace of the man she loved.

Deep within Mary's heart was an ever growing fear. Would Jimmy seek the companionship of other women? She fought against the suggestion. Denied its possibility. She knew Jimmy loved only her, that he would be true to her. And yet the disturbing thought persisted. Finally in desperation she went to her mother with the problem. Seeking some way by which she might again be a wife to Jimmy without violating the court's order.

"Under the circumstances," her mother told her, "there is only one thing you can do—continue as you are—occupy separate rooms."

"But, mother, I love Jimmy dearly. Sometimes I cry myself to sleep at night thinking—thinking . . ." Mary broke down and wept bitterly.

At the docks where he was employed as checker, Jimmy had made a fast friendship with Mike Dougherty, the time-

keeper. One day during the lunch hour Mike's young sister came to see her brother who introduced her to Jimmy. Flo Dougherty was a very pretty girl with soft golden hair, a pair of sparkling blue eyes and two dimples that flashed when she smiled. She was a vital young woman. "Full of pep" was the way Mike spoke of her.

Jimmy could scarcely take his eyes from Flo. She drew him like a magnet. Her roughish smile tantalized him. Her promising, full red lips tempted him. Scarcely recognizing the source of the impulse, he invited Mike and Flo to his home that evening. He wanted to see the girl again, to feast his eyes upon her. Natural instincts and impulses, old as life itself, were stirring violently within Jimmy. And he had caught an answering light in Flo's eyes.

That evening the Grails entertained Mike and his sister. While Mike was in the kitchen helping Mary make sandwiches and coffee, Jimmy turned on the victrola and danced with Flo. The contact thrilled him. They were alone in the room. He could feel her young, supple body yield to each movement of the dance. Her hair brushed his cheek. He pressed her closer to him. She did not resist him, but smiled up into his burning eyes as they pivoted in the dance, the rug slipped and Flo struck her ankle against the edge of a chair. The blow hurt and she sank down upon the old-fashioned sofa.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Jimmy solicitiously as he knelt down beside her. "Did it hurt you very much?"

"Yes, it—it hurts like the dickens!"

Jimmy took the injured ankle in his hand and rubbed it to restore the circulation. He was in this position when his wife and Mike came into the room with the coffee and sandwiches. Jimmy rose in some confusion.

"I—we—we were dancing and Flo hurt her ankle."

Mary hastened to the girl's side. "Oh, I'm sorry dear, Jimmy's such a goose. Is it better now?"

"Much better, thanks. But it did sting for a moment."

Later that evening Mike and Flo left and Jimmy was left alone with his wife. His contact with Flo that evening had sent the hot blood of youth coursing through his veins. His wife was preparing to retire.

"Why must we go on like this?" he demanded, gathering her into his embrace. "Must you always resist my love?"

He felt her tremble as he strained her to him and kissed her full, warm lips.

"No, no—Jimmy! Please—please help me. I am trying to be strong!" she cried frantically. "Of course I love you—I want your love—that is the reason why I am trying, oh, trying so hard to fight against even myself. We cannot go against Judge Stanton's order!"

"Damn Judge Stanton's order!" swore Jimmy impatiently. "I want my wife's love—we've every right to our love!"

"Jimmy—dearest—listen to me!" she cried desperately. "Stop and think what it might mean—another baby—then the penitentiary—and the babies and—and I need you so—Oh, my God, what am I to do!"

Mary's overwrought emotions burst forth in an abandoned storm of weeping. Jimmy gathered her quivering form to him. Like a child she clung to him weeping bitterly upon his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Honey," he soothed. "I shouldn't have come in here tonight. I just got crazy for love of you. It won't happen again, sweetheart."

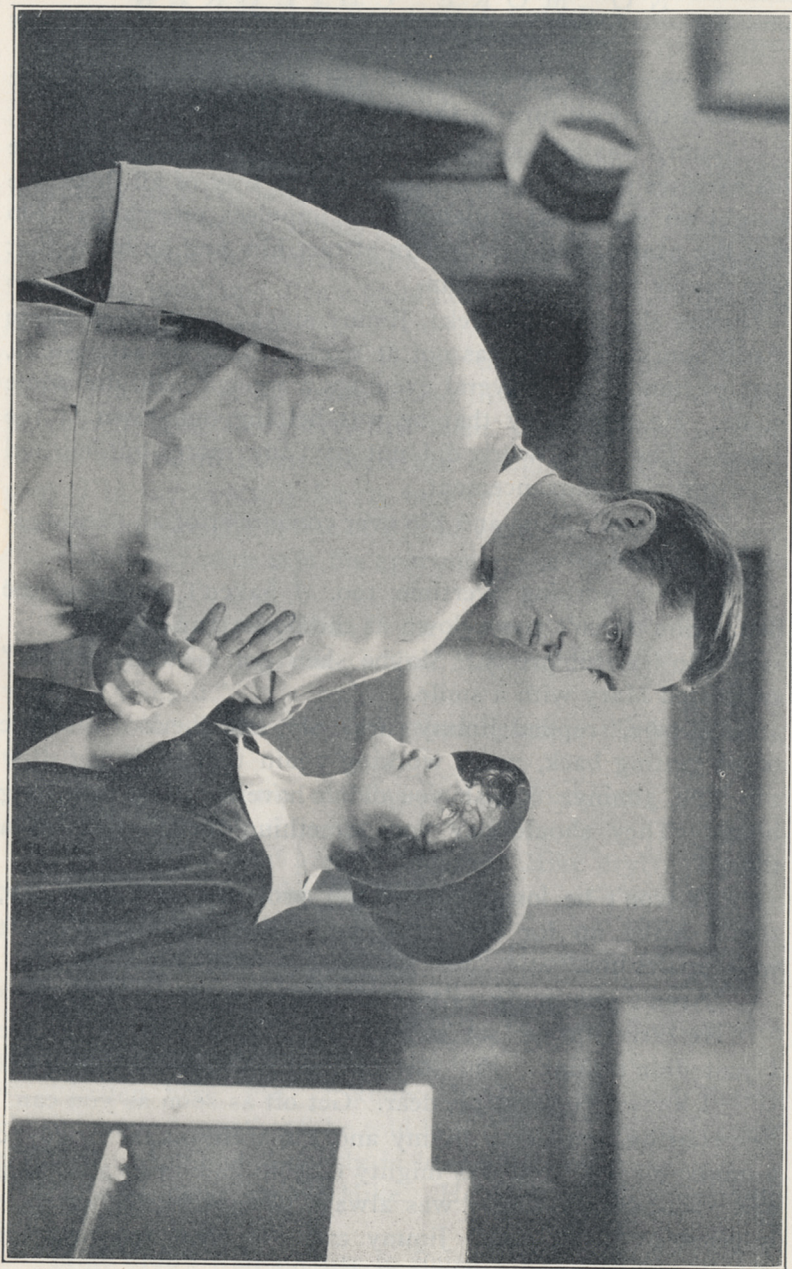
When the emotional outburst had passed, Mary wiped the tears from her eyes and looked up at him appealingly.

"I can't do all the fighting. You must help. Perhaps some day, somehow we can love each other as we used to do—but now we've got to make the fight together. Please go to bed now, Jimmy."

Gently she led him to the door.

"Good-night, Jimmy—and you aren't angry with me?"

"No, Mary. I'm not angry. I won't come to you again."



He went into his own room and as he prepared to retire he heard the lock turn in the door between the two rooms.

Jimmy was as good as his word. He did not again force his caresses upon his wife. He went the way of all flesh. He sought an emotional outlet for his impulses elsewhere. Flo was the nearest and first girl to attract him and he knew that was deeply interested in him.

During the passing weeks, Jimmy stayed away from home many hours when he was not at work. Saturday afternoons, part of Sunday and several evenings a week he did not come home. He told Mary that he was helping out down at the docks. The extra work did not pay any more, but he had been promised advancement.

"Why don't Mike and Flo ever come over of an evening?" she had asked him.

"Mike's working overtime, too. I haven't seen Flo," he lied. "She doesn't come down at the docks any more."

"Flo's awful pretty. Maybe she's got a steady fellow," suggested Mary with a smile.

"Maybe," replied Jimmy carelessly, and then: "I'll have to be getting back, we're working again tonight."

"Oh, Jimmy. I wish you didn't have to work such long hours. They should pay you something for all this extra time."

"It won't be long before I get promoted to better pay, that'll make up for this overtime. Well, so long. Don't wait up for me."

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Jimmy?"

He turned to her somewhat sheepishly. "Why, of course I just didn't think. I'm sort of tired."

"I know you must be, dear. Get off as soon as you can."

Half an hour later Jimmy and Flo were on their way to a public plunge. Flo was mighty easy to look at in a bathing suit and Jimmy's vanity was always pleased by the envy he inspired as her escort. Jimmy and Flo were entering the

pool, just as another couple came from the dressing rooms clothed for the street.

The woman paused and drew her companion's attention to Jimmy and Flo laughing and splashing in the pool.

"Look! There's Jimmy Grail serving out his suspended sentence!" said the woman with a smile of grim amusement. "When we get home, I've a good notion to run across the hall and tell Mary."

The fates were against Jimmy that night, for when he drove Flo home in the second-hand flivver that he had lately purchased, Mike Dougherty saw them. They parked in front of the apartment house where the Doughertys lived. Mike paused in the doorway for a moment, started toward the parked car, thought better of it, and went into the apartment.

When Flo came into the apartment, she found Mike waiting up for her.

"Been home long, Mike?" she greeted.

"Just got in from the Grails'. Mary told me Jimmy was working tonight."

Flo took off her hat and stood before a mirror fussing with her hair.

"Jimmy's certainly making fine progress, isn't he?" she asked casually.

"Yeah—he's goin' great," remarked Mike dryly. "By the way, have you seen him today?"

"Why, no, Mike."

"Don't you start lyin' to me Sis," Mike told her. "Come over here. I want to talk to you."

Slowly Flo went to his side. Her face was flushed with guilt and her gaze refused to meet his.

"Listen here, Flo. I know all about you and Jimmy chasin' around together," he told her. "Now, I want to know the truth. Are you seriously in love with him?"

"I — I don't know, Mike. He's an awfully nice boy and"

Mike didn't wait for her to finish.

"You're going to drop him!" he said firmly. "You're not in love with him, and even if you were you've no right to cheat a good girl like Mary Grail of her husband. You're goin' to drop him like a hot coal. Get me?"

"Yes, Mike," she sniffed. "I—I was just playing around a little—there's nothing between us . . ."

"There better not be!" Mike told her grimly. And then he took her in his arms. "My little sister's not a cheater. You're going to do the right thing, aren't you, kid?"

Flo smiled a twisted little smile up at him through her tears. "Yes, Mike. I—I—promise never to see him again."

The next morning at the Grail home, Mary answered a knock at the door. It was their neighbor from across the hall.

"Good Morning, Mrs. Trent," Mary greeted her with a smile. Come in. I've got to clean up the kids, but you can sit down and talk to me while I work."

"Sorry I can't stay," said the woman. "I just wanted to put a bug in your ear. I don't want to worry you, but you should know how Jimmy's carrying on. Al and I saw him at the plunge last night swimming around with a girl who's got plenty of 'IT'."

"Oh, I can't believe that, Mrs. Trent," gasped Mary in mingled fear and disbelief. "Jimmy was working last night."

"Yeah—well, that's about the oldest stall," the older woman told her with a grim smile. "I've still got my eyesight, dearie, and I sure saw Jimmy and his girl friend last night. Think it over, and don't take it too hard."

When Mrs. Trent had gone, Mary sank down on the sofa, utterly crushed. Her world was falling about her. Her worse fears were realized. Jimmy had gone to another woman. For awhile she sat motionless in stark, dry-eyed grief. Then the tears came like a pent-up torrent and she cried as though her heart would break. Judge Stanton's order had produced a tragedy.

CHAPTER FOUR

That day during the lunch hour, Mike Dougherty was called to the telephone. It was Mary. Between sobs, she told him about Jimmy being out with another woman the night before.

"It seems like you're the only friend I have, Mike," she told him brokenly over the phone. "Can't you help me bring Jimmy to his senses, you're his friend. Maybe he'll listen to you."

"Don't you worry, Mary," he told her gently. Just leave it to me. I'll fix everything."

Mike turned from the phone with a grim face. "Just outside the office he ran into Flo.

"Oh, hello, Mike!" she said, obviously startled by the meeting. "I just thought I'd come down and—and see you."

He seized her arm roughly. "You came down to see Jimmy. Have you run across him yet?"

"No, I haven't. Oh, Mike, you're hurting my arm!"

"I'll hurt you worse than that, if you don't behave yourself!" he told her savagely. "Now listen. Have you got a date with Jimmy tonight?"

"Why—er—yes, I have," she confessed, frightened by Mike's towering anger.

"Well—you're goin' to keep it. When he calls for you you're goin' to tell him to get out and stay away from you—Get me? Just those words and in just that way. Now beat it, before he sees you!"

That evening Jimmy climbed the stairs to his apartment utterly bewildered. He had just seen Flo. She had raved at him like a crazy woman, and slammed the door in his face. He couldn't understand her.

He found the living room dark and switched on the light as he closed the door behind him. He had just received one



shock. Now he received another. There, on the sofa, was Mary with Mike's arm about her. For a moment there was a stunned silence. Then black anger swept over Jimmy and he sprang toward Dougherty.

"A fine friend you are—you dirty. . . .!"

Mike leaped to his feet and seized the smaller man by his coat lapels. "See here, Jimmy, you fool! Your wife's got just as much right to have her affairs as you have! You're a married man. What are you running around with my sister for? . . . Yes, Mary and I know all about it!"

Jimmy was stunned by the accusation and the knowledge that Mary knew about Flo.

"What's good enough for you is good for your wife ain't it?" demanded Mike. "Think it over!"

Mike stamped from the room, angrily slamming the door behind him.

For several moments there was a strained silence. Jimmy stood awkwardly before Mary who remained seated on the sofa.

"Don't blame Mike," said Mary, breaking the silence. "We framed this to bring you to your senses."

"Well, I guess you succeeded all right," Jimmy managed to say at last with a sheepish smile. "It was hard to believe that you'd ever do a thing like that."

"It has been just as hard for me to believe you would go to another girl," she replied with tears in her eyes.

Jimmy sank down on his knees before her and buried his head in her lap. "I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said brokenly. "I'm not in love with Flo—I just fell for her because—because oh, Honey, I swear I'll never see her again!"

"Yes, I know she turned you down, tonight," she informed him.

"You knew—say, was Flo in on this frame-up too?" he demanded bewildered.

"Mike told me that she was going to give you the air tonight."

Jimmy turned his face from her, utterly ashamed of himself.

"I guess you think I've been an awful fool!"

Mary smiled through her tears at him and drew his head against her breast. "But I understand, Jimmy, I understand better than you think I do—it hasn't always been easy for me to live up to Judge Stanton's order!"

Jimmy took her in his arms and kissed her. He was forgiven, and the ugly cloud that had come between them had disappeared. That night when they prepared to retire, Jimmy went to the door that separated their bedrooms.

"Will you kiss me good-night, Honey?" he asked.

With a tender smile Mary came to him and he took her in his arms. For a moment she half-resisted his lingering caress. Then her arms crept about him, and with a sob she responded to his passion, yielded herself utterly to him. The court order was forgotten—its authority and the threat of its penalty was swept aside before the deluge of human emotions.

Several weeks passed, during which Jimmy and Mary lived again in Blossom Time. They were very happy. If Mary had only known what every married woman, every mother should know their happiness would have been secure. But a conspiracy of secrecy kept vital knowledge from being placed before her. Laws made by men—not by women—denied her the scientific knowledge which would have given her the power to decide for herself whether she would or would not become the mother of a fifth child. She knew nothing of Birth Control and Sex Hygiene.

And so there soon came a time when Mary discovered that she was in serious trouble. She was frightened and helpless, terror-stricken by the thought that Jimmy would be sent to prison. One of the children was ill, and when the family physicians came to attend the child, Mary told him of the calamity that had befallen her, begging him to help her.

"I'm sorry I cannot help you," he told her regretfully. "That is against the ethics of my profession and a state's prison offense."

That night when Jimmy came home for dinner, Mary was panic-stricken. For the first time he learned of her condition.

"Can't you—can't you do something about it?" he asked, stunned by the news which threatened him with confinement in the penitentiary for five years.

"The doctor was here to see Junior today. I told him about it. But he wouldn't help me. Oh, Jimmy, I'm so frightened!"

The next day Mary tried desperately to find some physician who would help her. Mrs. Trent suggested several places for her to go. But everywhere she went she was met with a prompt and emphatic refusal. That night she turned to the telephone directory and went through the list of physicians and surgeons.

Her finger paused on a name far down the list. She turned to Jimmy with sudden hope, "Jimmy! Here's Doctor Stanton. Do you think he could be any relation to Judge Stanton?"

Together they bent over the telephone directory comparing the residence phone number of the two Stantons. It was the same number.

"I'm going to see Doctor Stanton first thing in the morning, Jimmy!" she cried with renewed hope. "Maybe he can help me."

The next morning Mary went to the office of Doctor Stanton.

"Are you any relation to Judge Stanton?" she asked him when she was seated in his consultation room.

"Why yes, I'm his son," replied the young doctor with a smile.

"Have you ever heard your father talk about the Grail case—the Grail Birth Control Decision, the newspapers called it, right after the trial."

The physician nodded. "Yes. My father and I have often discussed the case. He told me not long ago that from all reports the Grails were getting along very nicely. Do you know them?"

"I am Mary Grail," she informed him. And she told him of her trouble.

He listened patiently. But he shook his head pityingly when she concluded.

"I'm very sorry, I wish I could help you. But I cannot. It would be dangerous for us both. The possibility of death for you; the penitentiary for me, if it became known."

"But Doctor, you've got to help me!" she cried hysterically. "It was your father who sentenced my husband, and now Jimmy will have to go to the penitentiary because I—because I didn't know—and couldn't find out how to keep out of trouble!"

Mary wept bitterly. She sank down on her knees before the physician and begged him piteously to help her—to help save Jimmy from serving a prison sentence. Doctor Stanton was deeply moved. He tried to comfort the frantic girl. Finally he determined to take the chance. He could not refuse such a pitiful plea.

"I will do what I can," he told her, "and God help us both if I fail!"

But something went wrong and Mary Grail was confined to her bed. Her mother sat by her side, anxiously watching the still, white face. Jimmy and the family doctor were in the living room. The physician was preparing to leave.

"Isn't there any hope at all, Doctor?" asked Jimmy, beside himself with grief.

The physician shook his head gravely. "No, Jimmy. There's not a chance. It's septic poisoning following an illegal operation. I warned Mary against such a thing. I am deeply sorry that I cannot save her."

The doctor took his departure. Jimmy walked softly across the room and opened the door of the sick room. He felt a tug at his sleeve and looked down to find Junior at his side.

"Daddy," he whispered. "Can't I go in and see mama now?"

Jimmy knelt down beside him and took the child in his arms. He smiled sadly and shook his head.

"Mama's sleeping now," he told Junior. "You run back in the other room and play with the others. When mama wakes up I'll call you."

Jimmy tip-toed into the sick room. He made his way softly to the bedside. Mary's mother looked up at him and he saw that her usually stoical face was lined with grief, her eyes red with weeping. Tenderly Jimmy bent over his wife. Her breathing was irregular and labored, her eyes were closed in the first fitful sleep that had come to her after many hours of feverish delirium. Jimmy kissed her white brow, and then turned to his mother-in-law.

"I'm going across the street to Rosenfelds and get some flowers for her to see when she wakes up," he whispered.

Several minutes after he had left the room, Mary stirred restlessly. She spoke deliriously. Her mother leaned close to catch the words.

"Thank you—Doctor Stanton—you saved my husband..."

Mrs. Bates' face grew bitter and grim. So, it was a Doctor Stanton who was responsible for her daughter's fatal condition?

Again Mary's lips moved. There was a sweet smile upon her face as she murmured softly; "I love you—Jimmy, dearest I am so tired . . ." A sigh escaped her lips, her body relaxed and an expression of heavenly repose touched her white face that became strangely beautiful and still.

A moment later Jimmy returned to the room with a small bouquet of flowers. He paused at the bedside and smiled tenderly down at Mary.

"I'll get something to put these flowers in and sit them here beside her so that she will see them when she wakes up." he said softly as he turned to Mary's mother who sat beside the bed in mute grief. There was a terrible something in the woman's tear-swollen eyes that struck terror to his heart.

"Mary won't wake up . . .," she told him hoarsely, ". . . my little girl is dead!"

For several moments the stark silence of death prevailed. Jimmy stood in mute agony looking down at all that was mortal of Mary Grail. He was stunned, dazed and crushed by the terrible realization of his worst fears. Then his pent-up emotions overcame him and he sank down beside the still, white form.

"Mary—Mary—Honey—come back to me!" he sobbed.

From the other room came the sound of childish laughter. Those babies voices tore at Jimmy's heart. Innocent of the worst tragedy that could befall any child, they played and laughed, while in the next room their mother lay cold and lifeless. Never again would they know her affectionate caress, her quick comforting sympathy for every little injury, each little heartache. Their God-given protector was gone.

The day after Mary Grail's funeral, the district attorney had a caller. A troubled frown was upon the prosecutor's face as he listened to the woman's story.

"I can hardly believe it," he said, when Mrs. Bates had concluded. "Dr. Stanton is one of our most prominent physicians. His father is a highly respected and greatly honored judge of our courts. Are you sure that Dr. Stanton is responsible?"

Mrs. Bates' thin lips tightened grimly. There can be no mistake. I heard it from my dying daughter's own lips."

Dr. Stanton was arrested and brought to trial on a charge of manslaughter. A crowded court room heard the impassioned

speeches of the defense and the prosecution. One of the attorneys for the defense spoke first.

"In the defense of Doctor Stanton," he said to the jury, "I beg you to consider the fine, unselfish motive which prompted this reputable physician to break the law. You have the power to free him or brand him as a criminal for all time . . . This young Grail couple, deeply in love, fought off the impulses of Life until they could no longer resist them . . . They were children—just children—who were carried along by their emotions like driftwood in a flood. And when disaster was near, this young wife begged Doctor Stanton on her knees for help. There isn't one among you who could have resisted her pitiful plea and I beg you not to punish this man for an act which any one of you would have been willing to perform."

When he finished speaking, he was followed by the prosecuting attorney who addressed the men and women of the jury.

"The facts in this case are undisputed," he told them. "And I warn you not to be deceived by the silly sentimental plea of the defense . . . The crime with which Doctor Stanton is charged is one of the most serious known to our law, and if you excuse him, you automatically license any physician to perform this same act . . . The facts are clear and you have no alternative but to return a verdict of GUILTY!"

While Dr. Stanton was waiting for the jury to return its verdict, he was approached by Jimmy Grail.

"I just wanted you to know," he told the physician, "that I hope they let you off. You did the best you could for Mary . . . I'm not blaming you—it wasn't your fault."

"I'm happy to know you feel that way about it, Grail," replied Stanton with a smile. "I don't think there's a jury in the world that would convict me for trying to help you youngsters."

But that jury found him guilty and Dr. Stanton was given a sentence of ten years in the penitentiary.

NO MORE CHILDREN

Almost every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, in a park near Jimmy Grail's new home where he had moved since Mary had passed on, a lonely, sad-faced young man could be found sitting on a bench watching his four motherless little children playing on the grass.

Did he deserve his unhappy fate? Was it just Life that those four little children should be deprived of their mother? It could all have been avoided had Mary Grail known what every woman and mother should know. Knowledge kept from her by a conspiracy of silence—scientific information denied her by man made laws. What do YOU THINK?

--THE END--

The Child's Bill of Rights



THE IDEAL to which we should strive is that there should be no child in America—

THAT has not been born under proper conditions.

THAT does not live in hygienic surroundings.

THAT ever suffers from undernourishment.

THAT does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection.

THAT does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

THAT had not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body.

THAT has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within, which is the final endowment of every human being.

HERBERT HOOVER.

* * *

"I have never preached the imposition of excessive maternity on any woman."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BIRTH CONTROL

BIRTH CONTROL is the most vital, the farthest reaching problem of today, for, if it were universally legalized, its scientific practice by the masses would undoubtedly have a tremendous effect upon the entire social fabric of civilization. Limitation of Offspring is vitally linked up with the problems of Population, Public Health, Education, Eugenics, Social Science, Sociology, Economics, and the Happiness of the Individual.

We are beginning to feel the pressure of over-population, a condition which breeds many evils, among which are: Unemployment, poverty, disease, and a high infant mortality rate. It is estimated that each year in New York City more than 16,000 children are born dead or die immediately after birth. Despite periodical plagues, prevalent diseases, and war's wholesale destruction of human life, the population of the world continues to increase by leaps and bounds. The proper, scientific application of Birth Control seems to be the only solution to this increasingly grave problem of over-population.

According to some of the best authorities, there are between two and three million abortions performed in the United States each year. And it is said that only 25 per cent of these illegal operations are performed on unmarried girls. The abortion evil is confined principally to the big cities—the over-populated areas. Add to the above figure, more than 250,000 children that are born dead each year in this country; the additional thousands who die within a year or two after birth of inherent weakness due to lack of necessary nourishment and mothers debilitated by excessive child bearing; plus

more than 25,000 women who die annually from childbirth and some estimate can be had of the startling amount of human wastage, most of which could be avoided.

There are more than twice the number of deaths among children of large families than among those of smaller families. Born of mothers whose vitality is dissipated by excessive reproduction, the children are more apt to be inherently weak and unable to resist disease. They suffer the inevitable neglect and lack of moral training which leads to the various forms of vice, and results in the fact that large families are prolific sources of alcoholics, prostitutes, narcotic addicts, and youthful criminals. Frequently attention is called to the fact that a great many of the world's leading citizens have been the youngest of a large family. It is also true that just as many if not more famous people have been the first, second, or third child in the family. Is it necessary to make a lottery of the reproduction of humanity? Should a mother bring eleven children into the world, gambling on the chance of the twelfth child being a genius? Such a practice would be absurd, and yet some of the foremost opponents of Birth Control use just that as one of the arguments against the legalized application of Limitation of Offspring.

"The knowledge of birth control gives us the mastery of all that the ancients gained by infanticide," is the statement of Havelock Ellis, M. D., Authority on Sex Psychology. He goes on to say: ". . . while yet enabling us to cherish that ideal of sacredness of human life which we profess to honor so highly. But it is not only right, it is our duty, or rather one may say the natural impulse of every rational and humane person to seek that only such children may be born as will be able to go through life with a reasonable prospect that they will not be heavily handicapped by inborn defect or special liability to some incapacitating disease."

Among the wealthy and the well-to-do, Birth Control has been practiced for a number of years. And yet the great mass of people are deprived of the proper knowledge by man made

laws. Laws made by men—not by women. But now that women have taken their rightful place in the political and economic life of the nation there is an ever increasing demand for the repeal of the present laws prohibiting Birth Control. New legislation is being agitated to legalize Limitation of Offspring. Women should be permitted to exercise her right as an individual to protect her own health and that of her children. "Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world," said Robert G. Ingersoll, the great humanitarian. "To accomplish this, there is but one way. Science must make the woman the owner of herself, the mistress of her person. Science must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother."

If woman was permitted to bring her babies into the world at properly spaced intervals when her health would permit, the appalling loss of life, which occurs during confinement and at childbirth, would be greatly reduced. Most of the illness of married women are due to their becoming mothers when they are not physically fit, according to James F. Cooper, M. D., of the American Birth Control League, in a book he has published on the subject.

In Holland, Birth Control has been practiced, with the approval and cooperation of the State, for more than a century. Its benefits have proved to be boundless. During that time the stature of the people of Holland has shown a remarkable increase. Limitation of Offspring as practiced by the Dutch has done much to improve their race. Good health has consistently been on the increase, and there has been a **decrease** in the cancer rate.

California, Illinois and New York have clinics controlled by state laws. Quoting from the Fourth Annual Report of The LOS ANGELES MOTHERS' CLINIC ASSOCIATION, INC., "The purpose of this organization is to establish in the City of Los Angeles and in the State of California, Mothers' Clinics and to undertake other enterprises for imparting to applicants advice and instruction for protecting the life and

health of mothers and insuring, as far as possible, the mental and physical vigor of their offspring, such purpose to be carried out in conformity with the laws of the State of California."

The LOS ANGELES MOTHERS' CLINIC was organized April 1925, and Incorporated under the State laws, July, 1926. One of its principal founders was Dr. Henry G. Brainard deceased, who left \$30,000 to the Clinic. The will of Clara Baldwin Stocker is said to have left about \$150,000 to aid in the support of the Clinic. The Clinic's report states: "A group of scientific, humanitarian and socially minded men and women constitute the Mothers' Clinic and are freely giving of their best efforts and money, without remuneration, in the solution of these great problems to the end that a cleaner and happier community may result. Fortunately for the endeavors of the Clinic, the laws of the State of California do not prevent it from proceeding along acceptable lines, and this it is doing with the co-operation of Boards of Health, Social Agencies, and various scientific and educational bodies, and the assistance of splendid individual physicians, jurists, social workers, teachers, philanthropists and others. It needs but little imagination and an appreciation of the fitness of things, to realize that men and women who are mentally defective, or the victims of other serious perhaps fatal organic disease, are not capable of producing healthy offspring."

The LOS ANGELES MOTHERS' CLINIC is a pioneer in the field. Its existence is permitted by California law. But in the other states, with the exception of Illinois and New York, their laws prohibit instruction in Birth Control.

The Federal Postal Laws and Regulations class Birth Control instructions with obscene and indecent matter and to send or receive it by mail or express is a criminal offense punishable by a five thousand dollar fine or five years in the penitentiary or both. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. And under this law a mother is criminally liable if she writes to her daughter advising her concerning Birth Control.

However, there is a growing wave of popular demand for

legislation that will legalize the scientific application of Birth Control, removing the obstacles which now prohibits the great masses from receiving the proper knowledge. This movement has the support of many prominent people. H. G. Brainard, M. D., former president of the American Medical Association has stated: "It is up to our profession to urge the repeal of the laws against Birth Control. Every child has a right to be well born, and parents who are not able to take care of them after they have come, should not bring children into the world."

In unfit bodies, temperamental unfitness for parenthood and desperate financial straights can be found the worst kind of injustice with which to inflict a child. A sick mind or body or the government of a child by an unfit mind defeats the friendship, citizenship, culture, happiness, comfort and the inspiration which must be centered in the home. According to a statement by Owen R. Lovejoy, General Secretary National Child Labor Committee; "The right of children to be born only when they are desired and when conditions are such as to guarantee them a fair chance for growth and education, touches the child labor problem very closely."

A great number of well known educators favor the Limitation of Offspring. "There is a need to slow down the production of children to a point where the child can be guaranteed proper care and education," said Dr. Clarence C. Little, President of the University of Michigan. "To produce to the point where we cannot adequately care for them is un-Christian. I am not suggesting a revolutionary thing. Limitation is now a fact in many families. The need of limitation of the population was admitted by the immigration limit." Professor Raymond Pearl, John Hopkins University, has been quoted as expressing his views on the subject: "After many years' study of social problems . . . I am convinced that the birth control movement is the most intelligent and scientific charitable and philanthropic enterprise now functioning in the field of altruistic endeavor."

B I R T H C O N T R O L

"Birth Control is here to stay," is the emphatic statement issued by Lord Dawson of Penn, M. D., Physician to His Majesty, King George. "It is an accomplished fact, and for good and evil has to be accepted. Although the extent of its applications can be and is being modified, no denunciations can or will abolish it. The reasons which lead parents to limit their offspring are sometimes selfish, BUT MORE OFTEN HONORABLE AND COGENT. The desire to marry and to rear children well equipped for life's struggle, limited incomes, the cost of living, burdensome taxation, are forcible motives; and further, amongst the educated classes there is the desire of women to take part in life and their husband's careers which is incompatible with oft-recurring children. The justifiable use of birth control would seem to be to limit the number of children, when such is desirable, and to spread out their arrival in such a way as to serve their true interests and those of their home."

To a great many the problem of Birth Control seems to resolve itself into a question of whether it is right or wrong. The subject is reduced to this one question usually by those of high religious or moral instincts. They may be aided in the solution of the problem as effected by these elements by the fact that Limitation of Offspring has for its advocates a great many leaders among the clergy and among the foremost church workers, not only in the United States but in other countries as well.

"The facts are clear," said Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, in a statement issued on the subject, "that we should take the shackles off the physicians and let them tell the nation that there is no hope for the solution of the population problem except in the scientific control of the birth rate. You cannot trust God to bring everything off all right if you let the earth's population double every sixty years. If we sow that, we will reap starvation, unemployment and physical and moral decay."

The patriotic, the prudent, the fatherly and motherly,

those endowed by nature with rich, unselfish instincts, should be the parents of the Nation's children, causing an increase of morals, intelligence, beauty, unselfishness and all that makes a sound foundation for a great human family.

It is interesting to see what The Very Reverend Vincent McNabb, O. B. (Roman Catholic) of England has to say on the subject: "The movement for family restriction, as such, is not a perverted sexuality. To say that it is a perverted sexuality is to disqualify the speaker as an accurate social observer. Indeed, parents of normal instincts are found to look upon family limitation not so much as necessity for themselves as an act of charity and even justice toward their children."

Another of the English clergy, The Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, (Episcopal) says: "The immediate question is whether the State has a right to put obstacles in the way of the poor when they desire to obtain knowledge which is notoriously in the possession of the upper and middle classes. There is abundant evidence that working class mothers suffer severely from their too-frequent child-bearing, and would gladly escape it. Unhappily they frequently escape it in a way which is condemned by all moralists alike. The terrible prevalence of crime of abortion in all large towns is demonstrated by abundant facts and figures, and confirmed by numerous personal confessions. The effect of withholding knowledge is simply to increase crime. Conscience is not a monopoly of the well-to-do. The working man and his wife have a right to judge for themselves, like other people."

"To control his destiny, to guide his life to highest issues and accomplishments—this is the task of man if he be an immortal soul. And this means, among other things, to bring children into the world when they are wanted, when conditions are most favorable for their reception, and only in such numbers as may not hazard the perfect flowering of each separate individual life. Birth Control or voluntary parenthood, rightly

understood, is only one more chapter in the history of man's emancipation as a spiritual being, which we mean his dedication to spiritual uses." That is what Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Pastor of Community Church, New York City has to say on the subject.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D., Rabbi at the Free Synagogue, New York City, and noted Author and Lecturer, gives his support to Limitation of Offspring when he said: "I rest my case as a Jew and as a Jewish teacher in giving my support to birth control, the doctrine and the practice alike, upon my faith as a Jew and a Jewish teacher that the life of the child is a sacred thing and that we ought to hold life as sacred as to be unwilling to have life come into the world unless we can surround it with those circumstances and conditions that make a full, complete, holy life possible."

"For myself I do not believe that birth control is immoral," said A. Ray Petty, D. D., Pastor of Grace Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, in a statement issued by him and published. He goes on to say: "I think it is not only moral, but something to be greatly desired as a method of sane and sensible control for society." Another prominent clergyman of New York City, Charles F. Potter, Pastor of the Universalist Church of The Divine Paternity, seems to be of the same opinion: "I believe the church should support these measures because birth control will mean, in short, happier homes, healthier children, better men and women, a stronger nation and a nobler race."

Rabindranath Tagore, the great Hindu poet, world traveler, and thinker, is an earnest advocate of Birth Control. In a letter to Margaret Sanger which was published in the Birth Control Review, the official organ of the American Birth Control League, the famous Hindu leader wrote: "I believe, that to wait till the moral sense of man becomes a great deal more powerful than it is now and till then to allow countless generations of children to suffer privations and untimely death for no fault of their own is a great social injustice which should not be tolerated."

B I R T H C O N T R O L

As long as the unfit increase their unfit numbers, taxation will continue to force the brain-worker to become the foster parent of the manual worker's children and so compel him to reduce the number of his own children. An increasing proportion of people suffering from feeble-mindedness, certain types of insanity, and numerous abnormalities which are hereditary, are over-flowing our prisons and deteriorating the race. Should **you** be penalized? Are **you** willing to go on supporting increasing numbers of these incapables? Don't you think this tide should be stemmed? The repeal of the present laws prohibiting the knowledge and the practice of Birth Control can and undoubtedly will be repealed. Intelligent legislation can be enacted to legalize the scientific application of the Limitation of Offspring, if the great mass of men and women will support the movement which is being endorsed and advocated by an ever increasing number of our national leaders, prominent clergymen, physicians, social workers, charitable institutions, educators, men and men who are leaders in the field of their respective endeavors. The repeal of these Federal and State laws would make it possible for the great mass of our women to be emancipated from a condition that is worse than slavery. Clinics would be established in every city, town and village, making it possible for the mothers of the race to receive the proper instruction on the subject that is most vital to them.

Progress is being made in California, Illinois, and New York in this clinical work. But still these pioneer workers are crippled by the lack of proper legislation.

Man is the creator, the builder of many things, engines, ships, aeroplanes, sky-scrapers, great engineering achievements, countless mechanical devices, implements of war for the wholesale destruction of human life, scientifically designed and constructed of the very best materials by skilled workers. Reproduction of his kind is Man's most vital mission in Life. And yet, he gives more thought to the creation of a flivver than he does to the pro-creation of himself. He is indifferent to

BIRTH CONTROL

the right of his child to be well born. He gives little thought to his wife's God-given right to be the mistress of her own body, so safe-guard her health and to insure the health of her offspring, and to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

Should we release womanhood from the degradation and slavery which is forced upon her by the taboos handed down from the Dark Ages? CAN WE IMPROVE THE RACE BY LEGALIZING NATION WIDE BIRTH CONTROL WHICH WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE MOTHERHOOD OF THE COUNTRY TO RECEIVE THAT SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND INSTRUCTION WHICH THE PRESENT LAWS NOW DENY HER?

HOW THE VARIOUS STATES STAND ON BIRTH CONTROL LAWS

Twenty-four States (and Porto Rico) specifically penalize contraceptive knowledge in their obscenity laws.

Twenty-four States (and the District of Columbia, Alaska and Hawaii) have obscenity laws, under which, because of Federal precedent, contraceptive knowledge may be suppressed as obscene, although it is not specifically mentioned. Obscenity has never been defined in law.

Twenty-three States make it a crime to publish or advertise contraceptive information. They are as follows: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Washington, Wyoming; also Porto Rico.

Twenty-two States include in their prohibition drugs and instruments for the prevention of conception. They are as follows: Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Washington, Wyoming and Porto Rico.

Eleven States make it a crime to have in one's possession any instruction for contraception. These are: Colorado, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wyoming.

Fourteen States make it a crime to tell any one where or how contraceptive knowledge may be acquired. These are: Colorado, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, Wyoming.

Six States prohibit the offer to assist in any method whatever which would lead to knowledge by which contraception might be accomplished. These are Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oklahoma, and Porto Rico.

Eight States prohibit depositing in the Post Office any contraceptive information. These are Colorado, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Wyoming.

One State, Colorado, prohibits the bringing into the State of any contraceptive knowledge.

Four States have laws authorizing the search for and seizure of contraceptive instructions, and these are: Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Oklahoma. In all these States but Idaho, the laws authorize the destruction of the things seized.

Certain exemptions from the penalties of these laws are made by the States for—

MEDICAL COLLEGE

Colorado
Indiana
Missouri
Nebraska
Ohio
Pennsylvania
Wyoming

MEDICAL BOOKS

Colorado
Indiana
Kansas
Missouri
Nebraska
Ohio
Pennsylvania
Wyoming

PHYSICIANS

Colorado
Indiana
Nevada
New York
Ohio
Wyoming

My Dear Dr. Krauss:

It is seldom that a motion picture stays in my mind more than twenty-four hours; but I am still thinking of the preview of "NO MORE CHILDREN" which I witnessed several weeks ago. Perhaps because it portrays the life of everyday people and their tragedies or perhaps because it paints a vivid picture of one of the greatest tragedies of modern society, it makes one think and think and wonder what the outcome is to be—for this problem must be settled some day. The trusting heart of "Mary," her sweet obedience to the instinct of true womanhood, is typical of thousands of young girls in our midst today; and so unfortunately is her blind folly born of a desire to be loyal to her husband. The circumstances which brought "Jimmie" and the doctor before the bar of justice are all too prevalent in American life. What are the American people going to do about it? They cannot dodge the issue. I am sure that your picture "NO MORE CHILDREN" will make them think long and seriously, and perhaps help them to take a decisive legal step in solving the problem, and saving the wreckage of many homes. I wish you every success with the picture, and I wish I could give a complimentary admission ticket to every bride and groom in the country.

Very sincerely, your friend,

(Signed) FRANKLIN H. MILLER,

Minister St. Simon's Episcopal Church,
Pasadena, California.

SWAL MORNING HILLS

My Dear Mr. Kinross:

It is seldom that a motion picture stays in my mind more than a few days, but I have still thinking of the picture "NO MORE CHILDREN" which I witnessed several weeks ago. I have because it portrays the life of a very real people and their struggles and hardships of a very real picture of one of the greatest tragedies of modern society. It makes one think and wonder what the outcome is to be for this problem that has settled upon our day. The laughing heart of "Milk" has sweet obedience to the instinct of the womanhood is a part of thousands of young girls in our midst today; and so unfortunately is her blind folly born of a desire to be loyal to her husband. The circumstances which brought "Jimmie" and the doctor before the bar of justice are all too prevalent in American life. What are the American people going to do about it? They cannot change the law. I am sure that your picture "NO MORE CHILDREN" will make them think long and seriously and perhaps help them to take a decisive legal step in solving the problem and saving the wreckage of many homes. I wish you every success with the picture and I wish I could give a complimentary admission ticket to every bride and groom in the country.

(Signed) FRANKLIN H. MILLER

Mr. J. H. Kinross, President, Church
 Pasadena, California

The Cast

JIMMY GRAIL.....	Lewis Sargent
MARY GRAIL.....	Lillian Bond
JUDGE STANTON.....	Wilfred North
DOCTOR STANTON.....	J. Frank Glendon
FLO CALLAHAN.....	Vivian Bay
MIKE CALLAHAN.....	Eddy Chandler
MARY GRAIL'S MOTHER.....	Ricca Allen
DETECTIVE FLANNERY.....	Tom London

If the work of any player has particularly impressed you, you will confer a favor upon both the player and the Producer by advising the Producer direct and stating the reason for your preference.

Fan Letters and Requests for Photographs of any of the cast should be addressed in care of

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